

In Memoriam



JOHN HENRY SWANSON

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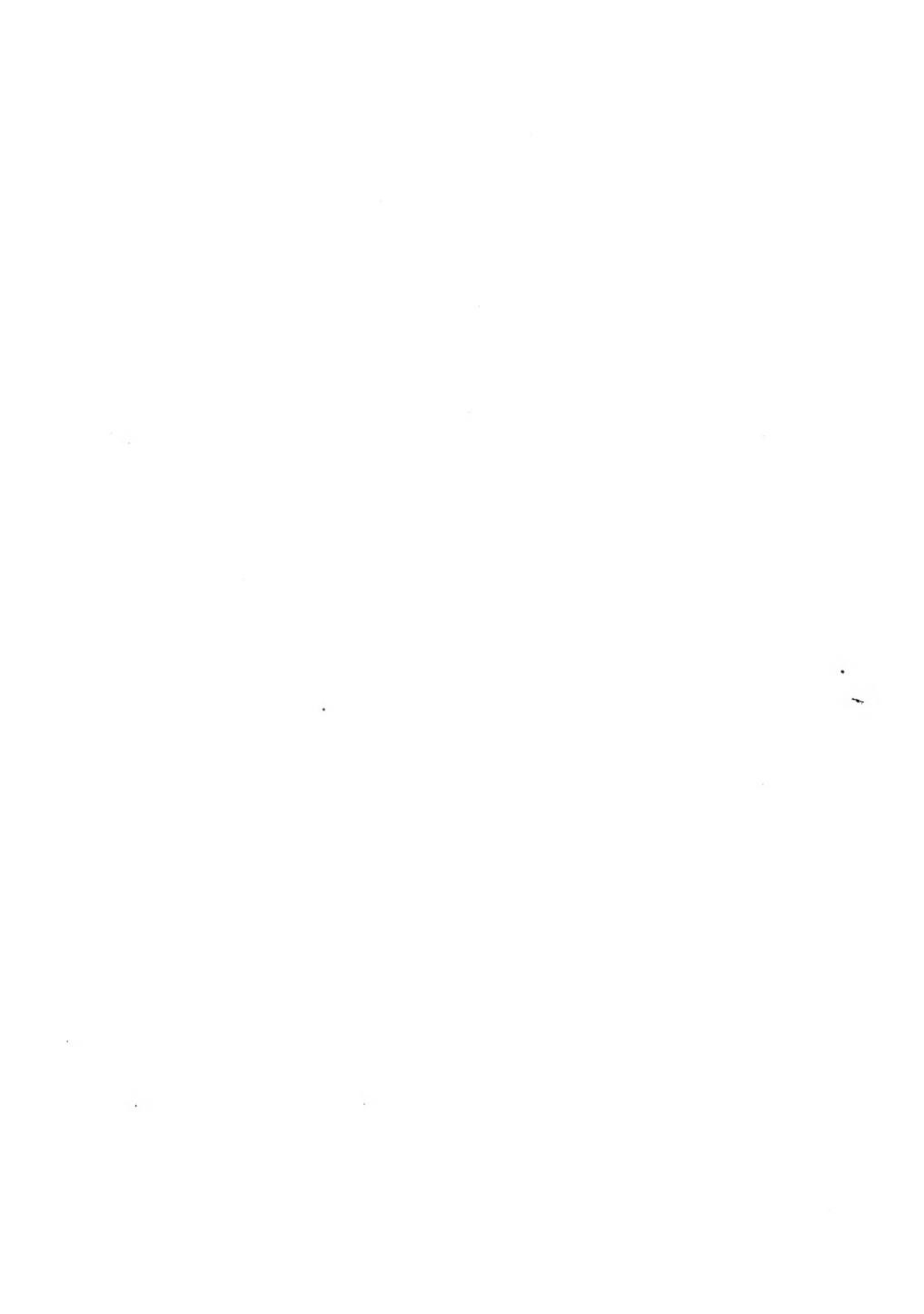
PRINCETON, N. J.

PRESENTED BY

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In memory of the Reverend
John Henry Salisbury, D.D.





IN MEMORY OF

THE REVEREND

JOHN HENRY SALISBURY, D.D.

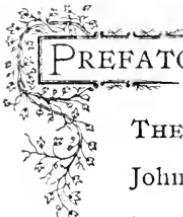
LATE PASTOR OF THE

FOURTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

TRENTON, N. J.

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1891



PREFATORY NOTE.

THE funeral services of the Reverend John Henry Salisbury, D.D., late Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Trenton, N. J., were held at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, January 14th, 1891. Prayer was offered at the house by the Reverend Jacob Cooper, Professor of the Greek Language and Literature at Rutgers College. The services at the Church were attended by a large number of clergymen and others from abroad, as well as by the members of the congregation and other citizens of Trenton.

The next day the body was taken to Catskill, New York, for interment, in a special car chartered for the occasion. The remains were

accompanied to the place of their destination by the members of the family and a delegation of fifteen persons from the Church. The committal services were conducted by the Reverend Evart Van Slyke, D.D., Pastor of the Reformed Church of Catskill.

Much to the regret of his friends, The Rev. Dr. Salisbury left directions that none of his sermons should be published. The desire for some appropriate memorial of him, therefore, can be gratified only by the printing of this volume.

It is printed under the direction of a committee appointed for that purpose by the Session and Trustees of the Church.

PROGRAM.

INVOCATION,

REV. A. C. TITUS, a member of the con-
gregation.

READING OF SCRIPTURE,

REV. JOHN DIXON, D.D., Moderator of the
Presbytery.

BIOGRAPHICAL SERMON,

REV. JOHN BODINE THOMPSON, D.D.

HYMN—"Lead, kindly Light."

ADDRESS,

REV. J. PRESTON SEARLE, Pastor of the
First Reformed Church of Somerville.

ADDRESS,

REV. W. H. WOOLVERTON, Pastor of the
Second Presbyterian Church.

PRAYER,

REV. SAMUEL M. STUDDIFORD, D.D., Pas-
tor of the Third Presbyterian Church.

CHANT—"Thy Will Be Done."

BENEDICTION,

REV. F. S. BARNUM, Pastor of the Second
Reformed Church of Coxsackie,
New York.

SERMON

BY

THE REV. DR. J. B. THOMPSON.

1 Corinthians, 13:8. Love never faileth.

FLOWERS fade. Leaves fall. Men die. Life fails. But Love never faileth; for Love is of God; for God is Love.*

From all eternity the Love which God *is* has been going forth from the All-Father to the only begotten Son, and in like manner from the Son to the Father in the ceaseless procession of the eternal Spirit; and it is by this living movement of the divine substance that the Absolute completes the infinite cycle of His self-caused existence.

* 1 John, 4:7, 8.

It was by act of the same Love that the Father gave a people to His Son, chosen in Him before the foundation of the world, that they should be holy and without blame before Him in Love.* It was by act of the same Love that His people were made in His Image, created in Christ Jesus unto good works which God had before ordained that we should walk in them.† It was by act of the same Love that the uncreated Image of the invisible God, (who was in the beginning with God and was God), became partaker of human nature that the created image might become partaker of the divine nature, and thus escape the corruption that is in the world through lust.‡ It is because Love reigns supreme that all things work together for good to them that love God ;

* Jer., 31:3; Eph. 1:4.

† Gen., 1:27; Eph., 2:10.

‡ John, 3:16; Col., 1:15; John, 1:1; Heb., 2:14; 1 Cor., 11:7;
2 Pet., 1:4.

that all things are yours, whether the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours [for your advantage], for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.*

These teachiugs of Holy Writ are exemplified in him whose departure we mourn to-day. As divine Love had from the beginning chosen him unto salvation, and separated him unto the gospel of God, so divine providence prepared the way before him; that he should inherit the desired characteristics, be shaped by the designed circumstances, accomplish the destined duties, and inherit the kingdom prepared for him from the foundation of the world.†

John Henry Salisbury was of an honorable lineage. The virtues of a long line of worthy ancestors culminated in him.

* Rom., 8:28; 1 Cor., 3:21-23.

† 2 Thess., 2:13; Rom., 1:1; Is., 45:5; Mat., 25:34.

The family derives from Adam de Salzburg, youngest son of the Duke of Bavaria, whose offspring became knights of the Manor of Lleweny in Wales. Among the relics of his ancestry are a sword bearing date 1544, the family coat-of-arms and a portrait of Queen Anne Boleyn.

They were brought to this country by Silvester Salisbury, who was an officer of the English army that wrested the New Netherlands from the Dutch in 1664. After the conquest he was for many years commandant of Fort Albany and the region roundabout. This afforded him facilities for the selection of lands, and, with a single colleague, he purchased a tract some miles in circumference, having its centre at the most fertile spot in the valley of the Catskill.*

In that vicinity most of his descendants still

* Henry Brace, Esq., of New York, who has also furnished other valuable historical information.

live. The immanent moral life of their ancestors is ingrained in every fibre of their being. To lose it would be to lose their personal identity. Amid whatever simplicity of manners, whatever straitness of poverty, whatever conflicts of adversity in the times that tried men's souls, they have borne their part in both military and civil affairs. But no one of them has lived more nobly, or died more regretted, than he in whom this branch of the family now becomes extinct.

Of the ancient glories of his clan, however, he knew little, and cared less. He was wholly busied in his work.

The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee;
A clover anytime to him
Is aristocracy.*

His immediate father was an only son, whose patrimony was wasted by those to

* Emily Dickinson.

whom it had been entrusted during his minority. He died of apoplexy, with the name of the wife he was leaving on his lips. One week later his only child was born.*

If heredity did much for this posthumous child, environment did more; and that environment was made for him by his mother. It was a mother's love that protected and provided for him until he arrived at manhood. Her tender heart the Love of God had touched in early youth, while dwelling among her own kin in the quiet of their country home. Afterward she became a communicant in the Reformed Church of Cats-

* Henry Salisbury (the son of Abraham Salisbury, of Stockport, N. Y.), died at Catskill, N. Y., February 9, 1852. His wife was Susan Elsbree. Their son, John Henry Salisbury, was born at Catskill, February 16, 1852. He was graduated from Rutgers College in 1875, and from the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick in 1878. During his first pastorate he was strongly urged for the professorship of rhetoric and elocution in Union College at Schenectady, a position for which he was eminently fitted; but he preferred to abide in his calling. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by his *Alma Mater* in 1890.

kill, where I knew her during the later years of her saintly life.

Perhaps because her son had no father upon earth, she was all the better able to recognize him as the gift of our Father in heaven. She called him after his father, that the name she loved might ever be upon her lips. To it she gratefully prefixed that of her family physician, the kindly Presbyterian elder who helped her with his Christian sympathy in the hour of her trial.*

It was the name of the disciple whom Jesus loved; and she hoped (and not in vain) that a portion of that loving disciple's spirit might fall upon her boy. She set before him such an example of faith and piety and devotedness and diligence as we read of only in the lives of the most eminent saints. She sought wool and flax and wrought willingly

* Dr. John Doane, still living at Catskill.

with her hands that she might support and educate the son whom she loved as her own soul.* One who knew her well in those days writes :

“He had a most devoted mother, who made his success her great earthly ambition, and to whose efforts mainly that success was due.”†

Her pastor, when the child grew toward manhood, says :

“She was one of my staunchest supporters and most constant callers; a woman whose heart had two objects in the foreground always: her church and her boy. To the first she gave of her earthly little most freely; to the second she gave her all. Her talk was of her boy, and when he came into the church, as the son of such a mother

* Prov., 31:13.

† The widow of her Pastor, Rev. Dr. John A. Lansing, in her letter of December 29, 1890.

should come, quietly, conscientiously, from a sense of the rightness of so doing, her joy was unbounded.”*

While she herself was struggling for daily bread, she adopted a deserted infant, and nursed and fed and trained this child until she became a Christian woman. St. Paul commends a widow, “if she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints’ feet.”† This sainted woman did more. She lodged wayfarers, and washed the feet of tramps whom all men abhorred. For love of Christ she cleansed their loathsome ulcers and bound them up with healing ointment. From the depths of her poverty the riches of her liberality abounded unto many, and the blessings

* The Rev. Dr. Francis A. Horton. See page 22. The records show that John Henry Salisbury was received into the communion of the Reformed Church of Catskill, May 1, 1870.

† 1 Tim., 5:10.

of those ready to perish came upon her. Ceaselessly she seemed to be developing Godward. Diligently she used the means of grace appointed of God for that purpose. I have known her to drop into the meetings of the church with her market-basket on her arm to catch spiritual refreshment by the way. Her pastor's piety and zeal were often stimulated by contact with hers.

But the time came for her labors to have an end. The son (for whom she had so gladly carried such cares) was in his early manhood; and the consummation of her hopes was reached when, once at least, she heard him preach the gospel. She was ready then to say: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."* But,—whether for her sake or for ours, who can tell?—two full years yet she was allowed to suffer on her

* Luke, 2:29.

couch, testifying of the faithfulness of Christ to all who came near, making that sick-room the very ante-chamber of heaven to those admitted to its sacred precincts. And so, refined and purified so as by fire, she went to her reward.* It was my privilege to testify then, as now, that there is no amount of grace which the Lord ever granted to a saint of old, that He is not equally ready and willing to grant now to any who will receive and live it. He giveth not the Spirit by measure.† We are not straitened in God; we are straitened in ourselves. The fault is not in Him, but in ourselves, that we are underlings in the religious life. *She* was no underling; though in her humility she thought herself such.

Could such a mother have other than such a son? Could such a son other than revere

* She died with cancer, November 28, 1887.

† John, 3:34 (revised version).

the memory of such a mother? He and she lived in each other's love, unknown and unnoticed by all the world beside. The sweet companionship of father, or brother, or sister, or uncle, or aunt, or cousin, he never knew. But his mother was more than all these to him. On her he bestowed the whole wealth of affection and gratitude of which lie was capable. Of her he did well to be proud. Again and again has he been heard to make his boast of her whose cares and prayers had made him what he was. Am I not right in saying that environment was more than heredity to him?

And the same divine Love which had provided both these for him, watched over and guided and guarded and kept him from the cradle to the grave.

Externally his early life did not differ essentially from that of other boys in a country vil-

lage, save, perhaps, that he was more neat and quiet and gentle than most. He helped his mother in the work of the household, and, as soon as he was able, began to earn what little he could in various ways to ease her manifold burdens. He was not contaminated by the vices with which village children so early come in contact. He kept himself pure. When his companions boasted of their evil deeds, he thought it mere bravado, and was shocked long after to learn that their foolish and wicked boasting had not been untrue.

In school he was diligent. His teachers marked his progress and spoke of his bright promise for the future.

A schoolmate of those days writes :

“He was noticeable as a youth for his truthfulness and honesty in all things, both great and small. As a lad in school, he was singularly free from the small vices and deceptions

which were unfortunately too common in our day, and, while a thorough boy, yet showed at that time the self-reliant nature which carried him through all that he undertook in after-life. He was cheerful, companionable and pure-minded above his fellows. He entered keenly into the sports we all enjoyed in common, but never carried to excess any pleasure or pursuit which might engage his attention, and always seemed to show a self-retiring, thoughtful spirit. He was a good student, as his record shows, and followed knowledge for its own sake. He was not a self-assertive boy at all, but preferred to make his friends quietly, to gain the esteem of those whose praise he prized by careful attention to whatever he took in hand and to let his superiors form their judgment of him without any attempt to establish a bias in his favor. As I can recollect his character now, and the

influence that his companionship had on me, the *innate truthfulness* and *self-respecting modesty* of the boy were his strongest points. He was always careful of the feelings of others, and I never knew him to do a rude, and scarcely ever a thoughtless thing.”* *

At that time he was strongly attracted toward a military profession. But his pastor, recognizing his ethical as well as his intellectual superiority, joined with his mother in the wish to have him become a Minister of the Gospel.†

A Presbyterian clergyman (now residing in Kansas), who entered into the full communion

* Mr. S. W. Green, of Newark, N. J., in his letter of January 7, 1891.

† Probably but few of his acquaintances are aware that the late Rev. Dr. John H. Salisbury in his youth had a military career under consideration. But such is the fact. When Judge Griswold, of this village, was in Congress, in 1869, he offered his young friend an appointment to the U. S. Military Academy, at West Point. The offer came at a time when the martial fire burns in the breast of most young men and, as a schoolmate and friend of Dr. Salisbury, we happen to know that he thought favorably of the offer; but it was his mother's earnest desire that her son enter the ministry, and in deference to her wishes he declined the appointment.—*Catskill Recorder* of January 16, 1891.

of the Church with him, writes that the work of the ministry "was more frequently the subject of his conversation than anything else."* Yet he did not decide without due deliberation. While his mother never ceased to pray that he might enter upon the work of the ministry to which she had consecrated him, he wavered as time went on. "He was balancing between the law and the gospel." Finally, however, in a conversation with his pastor, (The Rev. Dr. Francis A. Horton, now pastor of the First Congregational Church of Providence, R. I., who has kindly furnished me this information), "he declared that the matter was settled with him, that he would debate the question no longer, but give himself to the work of the Lord."†

*The Rev. Stanley D. Jewell, in his letter of January 9, 1891.

†Dr. Horton (in his letter of December 4, 1890,) says also: "Looking from the earthside only, it seems a thousand pities that a life opening with so great promise of usefulness should be so soon ended. He has made rapid

Then came his course in College and in the Theological Seminary, of which we shall hear from the most intimate companion of those years.*

I remember well the evening that he assumed his ordination vows, and became to me a younger brother in the ministry, as he was already in affection.†

At his request I preached the ordination sermon, as (also at his request) I am now preaching this funeral discourse. After the service, we drove slowly twelve miles from his

strides towards the front rank, and with time and health would have become one of the foremost men in the church. * * * I rejoice at your statement of the peace of mind which is his portion. God will keep him thus even to the end. His mother will be glad of his coming. And, in better worlds, when the mists are rolled away, we shall see as we are seen and know as we are known, and perfect love will reign. Assure him of my love and give him my parting blessing."

*The Rev. J. Preston Searle, now Pastor of the First Reformed Church of Somerville, who takes part in this service at the special request of his departed friend.

†I first knew him, as a student in college, after I became Pastor at Catskill in 1874. He was ordained and installed at Coxsackie, July 2, 1878. His pastorate there ended December 20, 1887.

parish to mine. It was a beautiful summer night. On our right were the rounded peaks and deep shadows of the Catskill Mountains. On our left, the broad Hudson shimmered in the bright moonlight like a mass of molten silver. The scene was apt for confidences, and he told me all his heart. He opened to me the innermost recesses of his soul, as men are wont to open them only to the eye of infinite Love. From that day forth he never ceased, as occasion served, to pour into my sympathetic ear the story of his hopes, his fears, his troubles and his joys. He knew how I loved him, and he reciprocated that love. He trusted me.

And now this happy past is all secure ; and, therefore, the future. If death looses, it also binds ; and that everlastingly.

He had his faults. None knew them better than I. Humbly he confessed them, with

contrition and faith in the efficacy of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. Blessed are they that wash their robes.* Meekly he submitted to the discipline sent in Love and learned obedience by the things that he suffered.† Divine grace overruled, for his furtherance in the Christian life, even his errors. They had their origin in an amiability of disposition that, sometimes, perhaps, bordered on weakness. One of his college professors, who is mourning with us here to-day, writes of him: "There was in his character the combination of 'Sweetness and Light' which makes the world beautiful as the vestibule of heaven. He was emphatically *amor et delicioe generis humani*,—the love and delight (or pet) of the human race."‡

* Rev., 22:14 (revised version).

† Heb., 5:8.

‡ Rev. Jacob Cooper, D.D., D. C. L., in his letter of December 4th, 1890.

Perhaps he was too amiable. He disliked to give pain. He shrank from stating an unpleasant truth. Adventurers sometimes took advantage of his generous nature. Though not deceived by their fictions, he gave them the benefit of the doubt, preferring to be imposed upon rather than to be unkind.

Yet, where he was weak, there also, when necessity was laid upon him, he could suffer and be strong. Temptations came to him in such insidious guise as they come to few, but he kept himself unspotted from the world. More than once did the demon of ambition whisper in his ear, and more than once was the temptation repelled with the thought of the tempted One saying: "Get thee behind me, Satan; for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men."*

His love for souls, like his love for Christ,

* Mat., 16: 23.

was not boisterous; but it was deep, sincere, unwavering. And the Lord blessed his work.

The Second Church of Coxsackie, in whose presence he was ordained to the gospel ministry, was his only charge until he came to Trenton. With that church he lived and labored nearly, or quite, ten years, beginning his work there before he had completed his course in the Theological Seminary. His successor in that pastorate writes: "He was, and he is, greatly beloved by this people; and his sickness has been watched with an interest and with prayer second only to that of his comparatively new people. And I do not know whether, in the profound affections of the heart for him, my present church really takes a second place to that he now serves. It was a great gratification to his friends here to have him try his new-found strength last September before going to his

own people ; and, when he showed so much vigor, all greatly rejoiced. I found one eminent mark of the faithful pastor," he adds, "in the educated state of the church on the subject of benevolence. For a church of its means, I think the record of benevolence is very superior ; and the spirit with which the people respond to the calls now, shows what good work he did with them. The spirit of harmony seemed to abide in the church during his pastorate ; and his sound teaching, gentle and kindly spirit and conscientious endeavor to fulfil his ministry, left the church in a happy state for his successor.*

The many in that church who love him are weeping with us to-day. Several of them are here to do honor to the memory of one they

* The Rev. F. S. Barnum, in his letter of November 26, 1890. He adds : "I am distressed that his ministry seems so near its end. But all who love Dr. Salisbury must recognize God's love as well as his wisdom, trusting where we cannot trace. Death will be a liberator to him, and ought to be a teacher to us."

so much loved ; sorrowing most of all that they shall see his face in the flesh no more.*

To some of them earth will never again seem quite so bright as it has been. But heaven will seem brighter, and nearer, and dearer, than ever before

To *this* church and people he has been permitted to minister but three short years.† And the last of these has been more a year of suffering than of work. Six months' vacation you kindly gave him, paying the chief of his heavy expenses and supplying his pulpit meanwhile, in the hope that, in answer to your prayers, God would restore him to you. He *was* so far restored that he took up his work and hoped to go on with it as be-

* The delegates from the Second Reformed Church of Coxsackie, present at the funeral, were the Rev. F. S. Barnum, Messrs. C. J. Collier, A. G. Case, N. H. Richtmyer, S. H. Van Dyck, W. E. Winans, Dr. A. V. D. Collier, Miss Heermance, Miss Lusk, and Mrs. W. E. Winans; Dr. Stewart Reed was present also.

† He began pastoral work with the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Trenton, January 1, 1883.

fore. But a month later he was stricken down again; and it was soon understood that the end could not be very far off.

The attachment of this people to him is wonderful. It seems like the growth of a life-time. It is not merely that he was an amiable man; others have been as amiable as he. It is not merely that he had ability; others have been as able as he. It is that, *with these*, he has labored untiringly to give his people the very best he could. During his whole ministry he was a diligent student. He obeyed the instruction of the apostle: "Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy with the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery.*

He was diligent in these things. For the sake of his people he husbanded his resources of mind and body. He did not

* 1 Tim., 3:15.

waste the time and strength which belonged to them in desultory efforts elsewhere. His church was always first in his estimation. While not neglecting other opportunities of doing good, he recognized the church with its families, as the only direct institution of God in the world, and threw himself heartily into its work as God's plan for saving and blessing a ruined world.

Coming hither with accumulated stores of wisdom and knowledge, with a disciplined mind and a Love that never faileth, he gave himself wholly to his chosen work.

In his Love for his people he has been privileged at times to lift their hearts, with his, as into the very atmosphere of heaven. His own growth in grace has had its proper consequent in theirs. The officers of this church testify that it is better, nobler, its members more united, more consecrated, and their zeal for the

Master's work more earnest and uniform and steady to-day than at any previous period of its history. His Christly example, his instructive preaching, his wonderful praying, have done their work.

Of his devoted piety I had long been aware. Of the intelligence and far-reaching thoughtfulness of his preaching I was not ignorant. But when a year ago I began to worship with this church and to follow where he led in prayer, I thanked God and took courage. So helpful were his utterances, so interpretive of the inner exercises of our souls, making definite and giving expression (and, therefore, intensity,) to the thoughts half-formed within, that we prayed in the words which the Holy Ghost taught him, as we had never prayed before.

But even then I was afraid. His prayers seemed so to take hold on heaven, he seemed so at one with God in Christ, so

ripe for the Master's use in a nobler sphere, that I feared he might soon be called to "go up higher."* On inquiry, however, I learned that he was more strong and vigorous than ever before. He said that he was well. He was rejoicing in his work, and planning for its extension.

Then I spoke to him of his prayers, and told him how they helped me, and how they helped others. He was humble; but he was glad. He said: "My notion of prayer is simply that of a child talking with his Father. It is complete freedom of intercourse between those who are akin, who love." He was right. All unwittingly he has taught us to pray, as Jesus also taught His disciples.

I desired that these blessings might be extended more widely. I planned to have it so. I arranged to have his prayers reported

* Luke, 14:10.

But circumstances hindered. Of course, he never knew that such a thing was thought of.

In February last he told me that he was not well. At my earnest solicitation he consulted a physician. Then came anxious forebodings, the fearful operation of April and the hopeless one of November.*

[Thursday, November 13th.] Before the second operation, he said: "I would like to live a few years yet, to preach the gospel; but, if this is to be fatal, I only hope the end will not be delayed too long."**

He was not afraid. Six months before he had faced death under the surgeon's knife, unflinching. His faith had been tested.

* His disease was cancer, which first manifested itself internally. He rallied from the severe cutting of April fifth, and resumed his work in October. Even then, however, the disease was making its appearance upon the right temple, and after five weeks service he was compelled to desist. The second operation took place November thirteenth.

** Elder W. D. Sinclair.

[Friday, November 21st.] A week later, when told by his physician that his life would be protracted little, if any, beyond the end of the year, he received the information with perfect equanimity.

[Saturday, November 22d.] The next day, he said to me: "It is all right. I am trusting only in Christ and His righteousness. I have no anxiety about the future"; with more to the same import; adding: "I am looking forward to meeting with my mother, and to being with her and with Jesus."

[November 23d.] On Sunday he talked of the services in the church, and asked me to come in the next day and read him something that would turn his thoughts toward heaven.

[November 24th.] On Monday he had so much to talk of that I thought him too tired to listen to reading, and left him after we had prayed together.

[November 25th.] On Tuesday he was too feeble to talk, or to listen when I proposed to read. But the emphasis upon the "Amen" to the prayer for grace according to his need, told of the firmness of his hold on heaven.

[November 26th.] On Wednesday I said to him: "While your mind is yet clear, have you anything further you wish to say?" He inquired about the probabilities of life, and of pain, and then said: "My only trust is in Christ. I have no plea but that His blood was shed for me. My trust is in Him alone." Then I asked him if he had any message for his people. He said: "My people I commend to the grace of God, trusting that He who has brought them thus far, will continue to lead them even unto the end."

After that he added messages of love to individuals and gave directions respecting this service.

[November 28th.] On Friday he said: "The Master has no further work for me in this world. I am looking forward to service in a better."

The next day he was heard pouring out his soul to his Heavenly Father as if he already saw him face to face.

[Friday, December 5th.] A week later he expressed his regret that he was not permitted longer to carry on his work here, yet said that nevertheless he was content, since such was the will of God.*

His was no morbid piety. He loved life with its opportunities for usefulness, and he perceived that he was about to be cut off in the midst of his days.

[Saturday, December 6th.] The next day he said to me: "I have less pain than I had; but I hope I shall not be left to suffer too long. I have the same trust in Christ alone."

*Judge W. M. Lanning.

[Sunday, December 7th.] After the celebration of the Lord's Supper in the church, at his request the Elders and the Trustees assembled round his bed while he, too, ate the bread and drank, for the last time on earth, the wine which he now drinks new in the kingdom of God. Then he said: "I have only one request to make, that you will all meet me in heaven."

[Tuesday, December 9th.] Two days later when I saw him his voice was stronger and clearer, and his strength firmer than it had been for a week previous. He spoke of his feebleness on the preceding Lord's Day, and expressed the hope that he might yet be able to send the fuller message which in his own mind he had prepared for those associated with him in the government of the church. He inquired respecting old friends, and repeated the expression of his wishes

concerning this service. After that he became much feebler, and I did not see him again until the next week.

[Monday, December 15th.] It was with evident effort that he then roused himself to express his satisfaction, to speak of the necessity for the constant use of anodynes, and to say (in answer to my inquiry): "I am just trusting and resting, trusting and resting."

[January 5th, 1891.] Afterward, I saw him but once, looking through the open doors upon the loved countenance while he slept the blessed sleep of rest from pain.

Thus he lingered, while his people prayed, to the very last day of the Week of Prayer; and, on the morning of that day, waked into the Day whose sun shall never set.*

* He died at the Parsonage at half-past eight in the morning of Saturday, January 10, 1891.

O happy soul, be thankful now and rest!
Heaven is a goodly land.
And God is Love. And those He loves are blest.
Now thou dost understand.
The least thou hast is better than the best
That thou didst hope for. Now upon thine eyes
The new life opens fair.
Before thy feet, the blessed journey lies
Through homelands everywhere,
And heaven to thee is all a sweet surprise.*

Said I not right that divine Love kept him
from the beginning of his life to the end
thereof? Indeed, indeed, Love never faileth.
It never failed toward him.

And this Love is of the same nature wher-
ever it exists. As it never fails in God, it
never fails in the Godman. As it never fails
in Christ, it never fails in the Christian.
And it exists in every Christian so far as he
is a Christian. As it never failed in our dear

*Washington Gladden.

one in the past, it does not fail in him in the present. This is just the argument of the apostle. Love is “the greatest thing in the world” *because* it never faileth. All the bright gifts (which render their possessor so useful to his fellows here) end with life; but Love never faileth. It continues, as on earth, so also in heaven. He who has now gone before us, has not ceased to love us. He loves us still. He loves us more intensely than ever before; for now Love is perfected in him. As travelers by sea behold the outline of the mountains and the headlands of the country to which they are approaching, and greet them from afar, so he saw before him the peaks and promontories of the promised land, bright with the sunlight of the promises, and looked forward to the joys of intercourse with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and his own dear mother, and other

saints of the Old Testament and the New.

And yet, and yet, he felt that even in heaven, without his people, he should not be made perfect.* His Love for them is not yet satisfied. His work for them is as yet incomplete.

And it is for *you* to say, dear friends, whether it *shall* be completed in you, whether his Love for you shall be satisfied. Do you not feel the unutterable yearnings of his heart, drawing you, more strongly to-day than ever before, to his and your Saviour?

I appeal, first of all, to those who by his ministrations have come to understand and appreciate, better than ever before, their relationship to Christ, and the blessings which grow out of that relationship. O beloved, since you are partakers with him of the same Love, *live the Love*. Let it manifest itself in you, as

* Heb., 11:13, 40.

it did in him, in devotion, in consecration, in unworldliness, in faith, in hope, in joy.

I appeal to his young people, in whom he was so much interested, to whom he sent messages of Love from his hospital couch. He feared lest by any means the tempter should get the advantage of you. He prayed for you that your faith fail not; that you keep yourselves in the Love of God by building yourselves up on your most holy faith. Will you not respond to his Love by yielding yourselves thoroughly to the pervasion of the Christ-Love?

I appeal to those whom he has received into the communion of the church; to those whom he has married; whose children he has baptized; whose sick he has visited; to whom, under all these circumstances, he has manifested the Love which ruled in his own heart; I appeal to all these to believe, and receive,

and exhibit the same Love constantly in all holy conversation and godliness.

I appeal especially to those to whom, under the promptings of this unfailing Love, he has appealed so often, so earnestly, and, hitherto, so vainly. Dear friends ! will you not hear the appeal he makes to you *to-day* with his

“ Poor, poor dumb lips,”

that shall never speak again ?

It is said of Samson that those whom he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life. O that it might be so, in a higher sense, with *this* faithful servant ! His desire for the glory of God went further than Samson’s. It extended beyond death, even into the spirit-world, as I have said. Shall his desire for God’s glory in your salvation now be gratified ?

With some of you the Spirit has been

striving while your Pastor lay upon his death-bed. If you do not allow yourself to be properly affected by this affecting death, by the fact that so many are praying for you, if *now* you "quench the Spirit," is it probable that ever again the kingdom of heaven shall come so nigh to you? Will you not now enter in by yielding yourself completely unto Christ?

The Sunday-school will miss its Pastor. Both teachers and pupils who have been instructed by his ministrations will miss him. Most deeply have I been touched during his illness by inquiries after him from children of the infant-class. And, when I told him, he was touched by it, too.

The King's Daughters will miss him, by whose instrumentality they were made all glorious within with the beauties of holiness.*

* Psalms, 45:13; 110:3.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will miss him. The roses sent him during his illness (whose fragrance he enjoyed when he could no longer see) have faded; but the text which told of their sympathy and prayers shall never fade.

The Young Men's Christian Association, every good cause, will have reason to lament his departure.

Few will miss him more than his fellow-pastors. His thoughtful essays, his genial companionship, his quiet Christian example, have endeared him to them all.

To one of them, as opportunity occurred and the Spirit prompted, he spoke recently of what passed through his mind before and after he lay unconscious under the surgeon's knife. At the earnest request of this friend, he consented to write out what he had thus stated, for the sake of his brethren in the

ministry. But he was stricken down again before he could perform the promise; and we shall hear to-day what *he would* have written, in the words of one, in the providence of God best fitted of us all to enter into and interpret such deep interior experience.*

Of my own affection for him, I will not trust myself to speak:

I had a brother once;
Brother at once, and son!

And who shall venture to tell the story of the tie that made for him a home? As the heart knoweth its own bitterness so a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy.* Tender and loving as a woman, with his manly love made still more tender by the illness of the one he loved, he had the satisfaction of see-

*The Reverend William H. Woolverton, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Trenton, who has kindly consented to make the statement, which will be found on page 65.

* Proverbs, 14:10.

ing her health grow stronger and better and brighter in response to his loving care, until she was well-nigh as vigorous as when she first gave herself to him with the same abandonment of affection with which he gave himself to her. Happy the woman who has been the object of such affection! Happier still that she has reciprocated it with a devotion that would gladly have given for him the young life given so unreservedly to him during these few brief, gladsome years! Happiest of all in the anticipation of sharing it again with him in a world where there is no more parting, and no more pain; where perfected Love rules everlastingly.

I charge and entreat you who have rested in your husband's love hitherto, to rest in that love henceforth. Let that love draw your willing soul always nearer to him, by drawing you always nearer to his

and your Saviour. So shall you ever be perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord ; and so shall you and he and all your dear ones who thus live and die in faith, and hope and Love, be forever with each other and forever with the Lord. Love never faileth.

ADDRESS
OF
REV. J. PRESTON SEARLE.

THE REV. DR. SALISBURY'S COL-
LEGE AND SEMINARY
COURSE.

BY REV. J. PRESTON SEARLE.

I SHALL never forget a bright September afternoon in the fall of 1871. Our college course had begun but a few days before, and that day the young man who had been sitting next me on the right in our recitation-rooms, made the first friendly overtures to me which led to an intimacy the closest, the sweetest, and the most stimulating I have ever enjoyed in my intercourse with men. But of the value of that friendship to me, and the sense of loss which burdens my heart to-day, I have not come here to speak—I could not if I would. Nor is it needful that I should

do so. You who knew him, know how he could bind men to him as with bands of steel.

Mr. Salisbury entered college with the class preceding ours. He had been, however, but a very short time in New Brunswick, when home circumstances compelled his return to his native village for a year. The interval was busily employed, and he returned with a preparation for his college work equaled by that of, perhaps, only one or two of his classmates. But he brought back far more than a mere technical preparation.

He came to his work with well-developed and splendid powers of application. His surroundings had no influence upon him when tasks were to be accomplished. No matter what they were, he could separate himself from them all. His room-mates—and he shared

his study sometimes with two or three of them—were not always classmates. They were men, moreover, who drew companions constantly around them. Again and again have I seen him in the midst of a babel of noisy voices, happy, undisturbed—absorbed in study, as though he was entirely alone.

Again, he was endowed with a love for the processes of intellectual effort—not alone its resulting knowledge, but the very steps by which that knowledge was acquired—and this love amounted to a zest. He luxuriated in hard work for what it was to him in itself. A difficult problem, a knotty translation, an abstruse page in metaphysics, roused him to enthusiasm, as the warrior is roused by conflict with a determined foe. He seemed thus constitutionally free from all inclination to mental indolence, and the mental dissipations others of us loved

to indulge in under the plea of rest, wearied instead of attracted him with their false charms.

There was also in all his thinking a certain broad-minded deliberation, very unusual, at least among those beginning a college course. He never plunged impetuously along lines of study that were untried. There was always something that seemed like hesitancy, to those who did not understand him, in his attitude towards a subject new to his thought. It was anything else but hesitancy, however. He looked at these subjects first on all their sides, and then he sought their heart—just as the bird will often hover for a moment over its prey the more surely to secure it, would he study a question until some line of cleavage, reaching to its very centre, would be discerned, and then never did wing, with truer, swifter flight, bear bird to its victim

than did his mind bear him to the object that he sought.

But, best of all, he brought to all his work a most conscientious faithfulness. What he undertook to do, must be done by him just as well as it could possibly be done. If he ever shared the common tendency to slight some things, at least when we think the process is a safe one, he had educated himself out of it, until carelessness in work had become for him almost an impossibility. His fraternity and seminary work, in which no question of class standing was involved, evidenced this. The task of the day, or of the hour, completely finished, he regarded as the best foundation he could lay for the possible tasks of the future. And when this spirit animated real abilities, quick perception, retentive memory, discriminating judgment, such as were his, and is a conse-

crated spirit, the Lord takes care that promotion shall be sure. The faithful in the few things always become the rulers in the many when the servants serve Him. This the whole of my friend's career has proved anew. Honors and responsibilities have been his, but he never reached out a selfish hand to grasp them; they simply came to him.

Working thus, Mr. Salisbury was soon recognized by us as the probable leader of our class, and the conjecture was fully realized. His leadership was easily maintained in every term and in almost every study of the four years' course. And at the risk of passing outside the limits of the theme assigned me, I must say that all was done with such absence of selfishness and self-assertion, with so much of consideration and justice and generosity—and of this last characteristic I wish I could give some of the illustrations crowding upon my

recollection—that no one envied him. He was our leader and he was our pride.

It followed, also, from his methods of work, that he carried forth from college far more than a well-stored memory. He had gained a rarely disciplined mind. His thought, even the most spontaneous, was ordered, correct thought. Here, although joined with gifts of voice and of manner, was the secret of the eloquence which he could make felt even through the medium of the class-room speech, and of the power of which, reaching to his public service of prayer, we have heard to-day.

His seminary course was, with the exception of two marked particulars, a continuation of his college work.

It was inevitable that a mind like his, in which accurate thinking had become a habit,

when brought in contact with the stupendous themes theology includes, themes, moreover, which must be clumsily handled in the best of human text-books, should be led into earnest questionings. Happily for him his experimental knowledge of the truth was too rich and deep for these questionings to resolve themselves into doubt. In the end with him they only broadened, strengthened faith.

The other particular distinguishing his seminary from his college life was of a very different kind. The Lord began to discipline him upon another side than the intellectual one. The same dread disease to which he has, alas, fallen a victim laid its relentless hold upon the mother, to whom splendid and deserved tribute has been already paid, and whose devotion he lovingly, loyally returned. His time for months was divided between his seminary duties and ministering to her. Grief at

her sufferings and her loss also threw its depressing influence over him. He always felt, I know, although his seminary course was an exceedingly creditable one, that he had been in a measure crippled for its routine work. There were compensations, however, that he and we can see better now than then. Through the experiences of that bitter season he was made ready to minister tenderly, intelligently, efficiently, to hundreds of suffering souls, and, in part, doubtless was prepared to face hours of agony and at last death itself with a fortitude whose calmness was like that in which the ordinary duties of daily life are usually approached by any of us.

And he, the friend, the pastor, the husband, has gone forth from us. Let us remember, however, that with talents faithfully improved, freed now from the burden of the

body, from the cares and the clustering obscurities which enwrap the earthly life, he serves still, and before the throne of God. He has gone forth from us, by the grace of Him who saves, for a season only. When a few more years, or days, have come, not amid the gathering shadows of some autumn afternoon, but instead amid the bursting glories of an eternal dawn, this old-time intimacy shall be renewed in all its closeness, in all its sweetness, in all its power to uplift and help.

Thus may it be with you, his people, to whom his heart was given. Thus may it be with her who was dearer, far dearer, to him than friend.

ADDRESS

OF

REV. WM. H. WOOLVERTON.

ADDRESS

BY

THE REV. W. H. WOOLVERTON.

I STAND in this place to-day because it was my privilege to be taken into the confidence of our departed friend and brother, and that with reference to his deepest life. I shall not soon forget a stormy afternoon in November, the occasion of our last interview together. Though stormy and dark without, 'twas calm and bright enough within. Most earnestly do I wish that every one who questions the reality of the Christian religion, who doubts its living power, might have been there, too, and heard his honest, hopeful words, and felt the influence of his delightful spirit.

He was indeed an object lesson in trust and patience, peace and hope. And who will say that he was not brought back here a few months ago with that intent; to impress his devoted people, his brethren of the ministry, to impress us all, beloved? And who will say that it has not done this already, in the special benediction that even now seems to be resting upon our churches? It did seem as if the very week of prayer was sanctified by his uplifting presence.

But I must limit myself to our interview. I am merely to echo that.

The central thought of it, to which he again and again recurred, was "*Abiding in Christ;*" how much it meant to him; how much more than ever before. I remember questioning him on this, when with brightened look he said, "'Tis so much more real and satisfying than it used to be."

"Abiding in Christ, in Him we possess all things, pardon, peace and the inheritance." He dwelt especially upon the last. With thoughtful look he would repeat the words, "the inheritance." How rich and real it seemed to him! He recalled his feelings that Friday morning last spring when he started for New York for the trying ordeal through which he had to pass. It was a trying ordeal, trying alike for him and his. These are his very words. Though he had "always had a strong love for life," yet that morning as he took the cars from here, "*the world had a far-away look*" to him. He was perfectly resigned to leave it. That same Friday night he rested as peacefully as ever, more so, if anything, he said. He had no misgivings whatever. He was in the Lord Christ's hands, and all was well. When on Saturday morning he received word that every-

thing was ready, he walked down stairs and into the operating room without a tremor. Then shaking hands with the four doctors in attendance, he climbed upon the operating table and trustfully committed himself unto the Lord.

Thus calmly and with unfaltering trust he faced the end which seemed indeed so imminent. And this feeling was not a transient one, but abiding. It followed him all through the spring and summer; it came back here with him in the fall; it manifested itself in his preaching, as his discerning hearers noticed, and as one of them remarked, "he preaches like a man who has been down to the river's edge, and caught sight of the other shore."

He told me of the delightful seasons of communion that he had upon his bed last summer; not at regular, recurring intervals,

as morning and evening, but whenever he felt like praying. How characteristic this was of him ! There was nothing forced nor stereotyped about him. There was utter absence of all pretence and cant. 'He could not say one thing and mean another. When he prayed, he prayed, his heart was in his prayer. If he could not pray, he would not make believe '

In speaking of his sufferings, and of their effect upon him, he brought up one of Henry Ward Beecher's striking pictures in which he portrayed two kinds of storms: the winter storm, which is chilling, wasting and devastating in its effects; and the storm of summer, which is refreshing, beautifying and life-giving. In applying the figure to himself (and I well remember his expression and the deep impression he made upon my mind; I try to recall his very words),

"I am devoutly thankful," said he, "that my sufferings have been like the latter,—like the refreshing summer storm. They have certainly done me good." He somehow felt he was closer akin to the Man of Sorrows in consequence of them. For right out of the midst of them he writes: "My gratitude to God for His goodness to me knows no bounds. His hand has saved me from death, and has brought me triumphantly through my sufferings. *Surely there is no God like unto ours.*"

What a magnificent spirit this. And it followed him all through. In some respects the like of him we shall not see again. Such patience, gentleness, goodness, faith! He was indeed a master to us in all of these. But the Lord has taken him from our head to-day, taken him in a chariot of fire—cer-

tainly *of fire*; taken him to the better land; taken him to Himself. And as we fondly, feelingly think of him, think of his rare gifts and graces, of his devoted life and well-crowned work, words like the bereft Elisha's leap longingly from our lips: Our brother, our brother, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof! May a double portion of thy spirit rest upon us all!

RESOLUTIONS.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CATSKILL CHURCH.

THE Consistory of the First Reformed Church of Catskill, N. Y., at a late meeting unanimously adopted the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, God in His inscrutable providence has released from his work the Rev. John H. Salisbury, D.D., a child of this Church, who was reared and once had his home among us; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the recognition of the Divine Hand in the strange movement of His work, we bow in humble submission to the will of Him "who doeth all things well."

Resolved, That this Church here record their high appreciation of the character of

Dr. Salisbury, the noble work he has done in the field in which God had placed him, and express their most hearty sympathy with the stricken widow and Church.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Salisbury, be put upon the minutes of the Church and published in *The Christian Intelligencer* and the Catskill papers.

By order of Consistory.

E. VAN SILKE, *President.*

W. R. POST, *Clerk.*

Catskill, January 11, 1891.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE COXSACKIE CHURCH.

At a meeting of the Consistory of the Second Reformed Church, Coxsackie, N. Y., held January 19th, 1891, the following action was taken by a unanimous vote:

WHEREAS, God, our Heavenly Father, in His inscrutable and all-wise providence has called unto Himself our very dear friend, the Rev. John H. Salisbury, D.D., who for nine and a half years was the beloved Pastor of the Second Reformed Church, Coxsackie, N. Y. ; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the Consistory of that church, in behalf of ourselves and the membership, do spread upon our records the following minute :

1. The Rev. J. H. Salisbury was called to this pastorate while still in the Theological Seminary, and was ordained to the Gospel ministry in this church, which he served from July 2d, 1878, until December 20th, 1887, when he was regretfully dismissed to accept the call of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Trenton, N. J. His ministry with us was full of the ardor of consecrated young manhood, and marked with a rapidly ripening judgment, as well as an increasing intellectual and spiritual power. Every year witnessed a substantial addition to the church on profession of faith, and a greater indoctrination of the membership in the blessed truths of the Bible. He greatly stimulated the benevolent interest of the church, and wisely conserved the various departments of church activity. The years of his pastorate were years of uninterrupted harmony in the

church, and of his increasing influence and regard in the community. We greatly respected him for his ability as a Christian teacher, and rejoiced "in the things new and old" he so earnestly presented out of the treasure house of God's Word. We greatly loved him for his Christian spirit and for his counsel, sympathy and prayers in times of trouble and sorrow; and we feel that his death, even after more than three years' absence and service to another church, is a personal bereavement.

2. We tender to his bereaved wife our profound sympathy in her overwhelming sorrow, and commend her to the sustaining love of our Heavenly Father, who responds to our broken-hearted questionings with His most comforting love, and who also says, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

3. That this minute be published in *The Christian Intelligencer*, and a copy be transmitted to Mrs. Salisbury.

F. S. BARNUM, *President.*

S. H. VAN DYCK, *Clerk.*

RESOLUTIONS OF THE FOURTH PRES- BYTERIAN CHURCH OF TRENTON.

ADOPTED SUNDAY, JANUARY 11TH, 1891.

WHEREAS, It has been the will of our Heavenly Father to remove from us, by death, the beloved Pastor of this church, the Session and Trustees desire to present the following resolutions for your acceptance :

Resolved, That we desire to express our sense of gratitude to God, that He provided for us such a Shepherd to feed and oversee this flock, and that it has been our privilege for three years to enjoy his precious ministry.

Resolved, That we hereby bear testimony to his deep devotion to his people, his earnest spirituality, his high intellectual gifts, his noble aim and sanctified ambition to make full proof of his ministry in building up

Christ's people in their most holy faith and in bringing the unconverted to a knowledge of the great salvation.

Resolved, That we will ever remember the power and earnestness of his prayers, the force and fervor of his sermons, his prudence and faithfulness as a pastor; and will gratefully cherish his walk and conversation amongst us as an example to lead us to greater consecration to the interests of this church and to the great work to which he devoted his life.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to accompany the remains to the place of burial, and that this church be draped in mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be entered on the minutes of the Session and of the Board of Trustees, and that a copy of them be sent to his wife, to whom we hereby desire to express our deepest sympathy and our affectionate regard.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE PRESBYTERY.

AT THE Intermediate Meeting of the Presbytery of New Brunswick, held in the Second Presbyterian Church of Trenton, January 27th, 1891, the death of the Rev. Dr. John H. Salisbury was announced, and the following minute adopted :

This Presbytery desires—

1. To thank God for His covenant faithfulness as exhibited again in his dealings with our departed brother.
2. To express our appreciation of the worth of him who has been called away and of the consequent loss to us.
3. To make known to the sorrowing widow and to the widowed church our deep sympathy with them in their bereavement.

4. To pray that they and we may be comforted with the comfort with which the **God** of all comfort alone can comfort his bereaved ones.

5. To send copies of this minute to the bereaved widow and church and to enter it upon our records for the benefit of those who come after us, that they, too, may learn to put their trust in **God**.



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